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She took off her clothes and put them on the bank, and she stepped into the river. Now, be it known to you that, though she could see him not, there was concealed on the bank a youth of the Fetla tribes, and his name was Kadhim. He did not own a single horse or mare, nor did he even own the leg of a mare. He owned no sheep and he owned no land, and he lived by eating at the guest tent of his sheikh. And as for clothes, he used to go to the river and set snares for the sandgrouse and partridges when they came to drink, and sell them in the market to buy cloth.

And Kadhim was concealed on the bank of the river watching his snares when he saw a girl beautiful as a moon come to the river and divest herself of her clothes. He saw that she was perfect in figure, for her neck was slender and her shoulders smooth and soft and her breasts rose firmly and clearly as do the desert dunes in moonlight. As for her waist it was slender and her thighs were round and smooth and around her navel was tattooed a butterfly. And he watched her and forgot the sandgrouse and he forgot the partridges. And after she had bathed in the river she dried herself by lying in the sun. Then she put on her clothes and filled the jar with water and returned to the town.

And the next day at the rising of the sun Kadhim concealed himself in the same place and awaited the coming of the girl. And about half an hour after dawn she came down and drew water from that very same place. And Kadhim, who was concealed in the tamarisk bushes, watched her, but she did not take off her clothes. She merely filled the pot with water and put it on her shoulder, and she turned and returned to the town. But Kadhim, who was a youth in the seventeenth year of his life and swift of foot, ran ahead behind the fruit groves and date trees and came out on the path ahead of her, and when

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she drew near he greeted her and wished her the peace of God and His blessing. And Salma drew her veil across her face and she averted her eyes and she did not reply to the greeting of the strange youth. Then Kadhim drew level with her and he bent his head towards her and whispered: Did it hurt much when they tattooed the butterfly? When Salma heard these words her face grew red with shame. But she looked at Kadhim's face and saw that he was laughing, so she, too, laughed, and she dropped her veil and said: Since you have seen the butterfly you may as well see my face.

Then Kadhim and Salma sat down by a tamarisk bush, and he told her his name and situation and she told him her name and details of her life, and they laughed much about the butterfly and she said: It did not hurt, for it was done when I was in the fifth year of my life, and it was only a little one, but it has grown larger with me. And they discovered that they were of one heart.

Each day and every day that Salma went to draw water from the river Kadhim waited for her, and he helped her fill the jar with water, and they would sit down by a tamarisk bush and pass a few minutes in laughter and happiness. And when Salma returned to her house her eyes were like stars and her cheeks were like the blossoms of the rose. And the mother of Salma said to her husband, the merchant Abdul Rashid: See how happy our daughter is? What can cause this happiness? And Abdul Rashid said: She needs a husband. Perhaps she is falling in love. I will see the marriage broker today.

So that very day, when he had closed his shop, Abdul Rashid went to the house of that discreet man, the marriage broker, and he said: My daughter is of an age to marry. And the broker said: There is one who seeks a